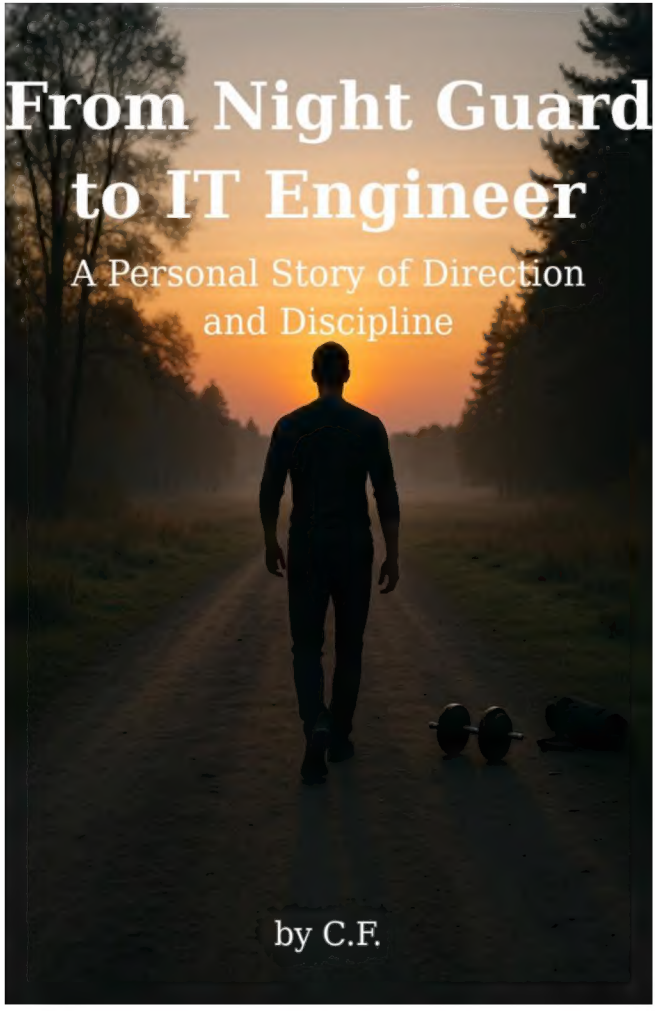
From Night Guard to IT Engineer
A Personal Story of Direction and Discipline
by C.F.

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May 2025

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Preface

This is a story of discipline. Fire. And a quiet ascent.

He wasn't born into privilege. He didn't inherit knowledge, money, or peace. But he built his life anyway - one silent, relentless step at a time.

This book is a personal journal, written in third person, capturing the raw and honest transformation of someone who went from working night shifts as a security guard, using shared toilets, to building smart homes and reaching senior roles in IT.

It's not a story about overnight success or flashy accomplishments. It's about the invisible work - the kind done in silence, when no one's watching.

Why This Book Exists

Because too many people think they're stuck. Because too many stories like this one go untold. Because he believes someone out there might read these pages and realize:

"If he could do it... maybe I can too."

Still walking. Still building. No shortcuts.

About the Story

This is not a story about talent.
It's not about luck.
It's not about someone being saved.
It's about a boy born in a 22-square-meter dorm room, surrounded by noise, alcohol, tension, and shame.
It's about someone who failed in school, worked night shifts, and was expected to stay stuck there forever.
But he didn't.
This story is about a quiet climb — one step at a time, one failure at a time, with no one watching, no one applauding.
He studied alone, failed alone, built alone.
And today, he stands in rooms where people once told him he didn't belong.
He works in a field they said he'd never enter.
Lives in homes he paid for with silence, patience, and fire.
He's not famous.
He never needed to be.
But if you read this and see yourself in any part of it — then maybe this story is also about you.

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Chapter 1 – The Room That Shaped Him

There are stories that begin with light. With comfort. With the soft safety of childhood.

This is not one of them.

He was born into scarcity, not just of money, but of space, of quiet, of safety. His first world was a 22-square-meter dorm room — shared with his mother, his father, and his sister. No bathroom. Just a shared hallway toilet and shower used by over 15 families. The kitchen and bedroom were one. Life, noise, heat, and shame all coexisted in a single box.

Neither he nor his sister was sent to kindergarten. Their mother used to say it was because she stayed home and didn't want to wake them up early. But deep down, he felt there must've been another reason.

So his first real step into the world was the first day of school — and it broke him.

He cried after his mother when she left. He didn't know how to be around other kids.

School quickly became a rough place. Others picked fights with him, and he took the hits.

At first, his father stepped in — not with words, but with action. He showed up at school, chased off bullies, and taught his son to fight back.

The boy learned quickly. He began winning. Then overdoing it.

He made enemies — at school, in the dorm building, even in his own class.

One-on-one, they couldn't beat him. So they came in groups.

Sometimes, in those moments, his sister stepped in. Just a year older, she did what she could — and sometimes, that was enough.

But what he really needed wasn't a stronger punch.

It was safety.

Because even if his father defended him in public, at home he broke the silence with shouting and violence.

He drank every day — loudly, aggressively, without shame.

The boy grew up in contradiction: protected outside, exposed inside.

He didn't grow up without a father.

He grew up with a father who fought others — but never his own demons.

He had grown used to tension — inside and outside the home. Fights at school. Silence at the table. Tight walls. Nowhere to breathe.

A few years later, his father physically split the room in two — a fake wall, a thin sliding door, an attempt at privacy that never truly arrived.

When your parents are one meter away and paper walls do nothing, there is no childhood innocence, no space to imagine you matter.

The drinking wasn't quiet. It came with yelling. With beatings. With insults. Sometimes bruises. Always tension. His mother endured. His sister kept quiet. He watched and learned what he would never become.

He did poorly in school. Maybe because no one taught him how to care. Maybe because there was no room to study. Maybe because survival leaves no space for curiosity. He passed his classes, barely.

But even in those early years, when learning felt distant and escape impossible, he still had dreams.

Simple ones.

As a boy, he dreamed of having a bicycle like the other kids around him.

But he never got one.

He learned to ride on his father's old adult-sized bike — oversized, clunky, but his only option.

He used to watch the neighborhood kids pedaling freely through the streets, wishing he could join them.

Sometimes he'd ask to borrow bikes from those he knew.

Once, he asked one of them if he could ride just for a lap.

He was so happy, he rode a bit farther than planned — not out of disrespect, but joy.

When he brought it back, the boy — someone he had known since childhood — greeted him with a kick to the groin.

He was obsessed with bicycles, but for him, they remained a dream — something to chase but never own.

So he turned his attention to other things.

Still stuck in that suffocating room, surrounded by noise and tension, he found himself drawn to devices.

To screens. To buttons. To something he could control.

In winter, he went caroling to earn money for gadgets.

One year, he used that money to buy his first mobile phone — a giant brick.

Years later, he convinced his father to buy him a high-end phone on credit — the top-rated model in a popular tech magazine at the time.

He promised to contribute as much as he could. He got it. That phone meant everything.

Like most boys his age, he started chasing girls.

But where would he take them?

There was nowhere.

A stolen kiss here, a hand held there, then back to that box of noise and alcohol.

No future.

At 17, life threw a rock at his head — literally.

One of the boys he used to fight in school hit him with a heavy stone.

The blow fractured his skull. He needed surgery.

He could've ended up paralyzed. Or worse.

But somehow, he walked away whole — with a scar, and a shift inside that no one could see.

He stopped fighting. He started staying in.

He convinced his parents to get him a PC — the first step into an entirely different life.

He didn't know much, so he asked friends to help with installations, games, and software. One neighbor refused to teach him how to install Windows, so he taught himself. That refusal became fuel.

After high school, he worked random jobs — cashier, shoe salesman, warehouse labor, cleaning PCs, metal work with his father. He was promised a job on the CNC machines — cleaner work. That promise never came. He quit.

Through his father's connections, he landed a job in private security. It didn't pay well, but it was stable. He made friends. At the end of 2009 and into early 2010, he found a small car through some acquaintances. He didn't really like it — it felt too small, not quite what he had in mind. But he trusted the people selling it, and more than anything, he just needed something to get around.

He had held a driver's license for over a year and a half, but hadn't driven at all during that time. He wanted to finally move, to feel some control — even if the car wasn't ideal.

The bank wouldn't approve a loan — his salary as a security guard was too low.

So he begged his father to buy the car on credit, since there were no savings to use.

He promised he'd cover the monthly installments himself.

By late 2010, he pushed again — this time for a laptop, bought in installments.

He couldn't afford it on his own, but once more, he promised to pay every rate.

That laptop would become his weapon.

In 2011, at age 22, he was assigned to a night shift guarding an IT company.

He didn't know what "IT" really meant.

He didn't know there was an entire industry behind those machines — people who built things with code, who made systems work.

He had never heard of programming languages. He didn't know what the people inside actually did.

But the place felt different.

Clean. Quiet. Bright.

A world apart from everything he had known until then.

For a while, he didn't study.

During the day, he still went out with friends, wasting time.

Not because he was lazy — but because starting was hard.

Maybe because he never had a quiet room.

Maybe because at home, the stress was constant and focus was a luxury.

He had enrolled in a private university for an IT diploma, but barely attended.

He didn't enjoy the way things were taught there — it felt outdated, disconnected.

He preferred to study on his own, focusing on what made sense to him and what the market actually demanded.

He didn't want to waste time — and he knew how valuable time had become.

To push himself, he started reading motivational books — not to act strong, but to find hope. Something to help him believe he could change.

When he told his extended family — uncles, aunts, grandparents — that he planned to enter IT, they doubted him. They didn't laugh, but they didn't believe. One uncle, a known alcoholic, scoffed: "Everyone knows how to use a computer. That doesn't mean you'll ever work in IT."

They weren't cruel. Just negative. The kind of people who believe life never works for them, but never question why.

But he had started to question everything — especially himself. And he had chosen a different path.

Something changed in 2012. The distractions started to feel hollow. The noise, the wasting time, the drifting — it all started to weigh on him differently. He looked around at the other guards and saw his future — if he did nothing. And that scared him more than failure.

So, quietly, he made a choice. No dramatic announcement. Just the decision to stop wasting time and start building something.

Around that time, the girl he was seeing didn't understand what he was trying to do.

When he told her he needed time — to study, to learn, to build a future — he wasn't asking for praise or help. Just space. Just understanding.

But that didn't come.

He would've wanted someone by his side. But it wasn't meant to be.

The first weeks were hard. He couldn't focus. He didn't know where to start.

So he asked questions — quietly, cautiously — to the developers in the building. One of them recommended a Java book.

He looked it up, found it online, and devoured it.

It didn't all make sense at once. But he kept showing up — night after night — facing the screen, the syntax, and the frustration.

Slowly, painfully, the fog began to lift. And something deep inside him woke up.

He studied alone, in a quiet building where everyone else had gone home.

HTML. CSS. SQL. XML. Java. JavaScript. And more.

He even tackled math — in English — determined to master what school had never managed to teach him.

He listened to tutorials, took notes by hand, and started to see the logic behind it all.

He built a WordPress site. Hosted it. Uploaded projects to GitHub.

And somewhere along the way, he built something else: confidence.

After earning his degree and leaving the security job, he began applying to IT companies.

Most rejected him. But one said yes. The job was for a junior Java developer — at least on paper.

On his first day, he didn't write code. He assembled desks. Literally. Furniture for the office, like a carpenter. But he didn't complain. After that, he slowly stepped into his actual role as a junior Java developer — writing code, asking questions, trying to find his footing. He did it with focus, then listened, observed, and tried to learn. The work was messy, the mentorship unclear, the expectations too high for a beginner. Eventually, it didn't work out — but it was real. It was experience. It was a first foot in the door.

And that's all he needed. One door, not for a room... but for a life.

Chapter 2 – The Building Years

After parting ways with his first employer — a short experience, but one filled with lessons — he began applying for IT jobs again. It wasn't easy. Interviews were tough, and as a junior developer, rejections came fast and often. He even tried applying for QA (testing) roles, hoping it might be a different door into the world he wanted so badly.

Rejected again.

But he didn't give up. He kept sending résumés — no contacts, no referrals, just persistence.

One day, he was invited to an interview for a junior QA tester position working with WordPress.

Luckily, he had built and configured his own WordPress site before, so the system wasn't new to him. He got the job.

It was 2016. He was 27 years old. And for the first time, he had a stable job in IT.

He was desperate to move out. Two months after starting this new job, he found a rental and moved out of his parents' home. He felt both ashamed and relieved. Even though the rent and bills ate up almost half his salary, he didn't care. He still visited his parents often and would have a meal or two with them, but he needed to breathe on his own.

That first stable job taught him a lot. Some coworkers were helpful, others weren't — but he had a goal: learn test

automation. He already knew Java, HTML, CSS, SQL, along with other technologies he had taught himself during long night shifts as a security guard. But this job focused on manual testing and handling client support tickets. Automation was "if there's time."

That wasn't acceptable to him. He wanted to grow faster.

So he studied automation on weekends. His test lead told him to rest more, to enjoy life. But he didn't listen. He knew what he had to do.

He stayed with that company for about a year and a half before moving to a new one — this time, officially in automation, though some manual testing remained.

The interview went well, and when they told him the salary, he called his sister and said, "It feels like I'm flying."

He couldn't believe the number — especially knowing where he started: as a night guard.

That second company brought new challenges, new technologies, and a mix of good and not-so-good people. But he learned a lot: real-world testing, automation frameworks, project workflows. He stayed for two years.

Then came a third company — and with it, his first position as a Senior QA Automation Engineer.

It felt surreal. He had touched enough projects, tools, and responsibilities by then to know he could carry the title — and he did.

He delivered. He adapted fast. And when needed, he led.

After nearly a year and a half there, he moved on again — same position, new company, chasing greater challenges, broader experience, and the satisfaction of proving once more that he was built for more.

From the start of his IT career, he began saving money. Not for vacations — the only one he ever took abroad was a short trip to Hungary, just 300 kilometers away. It was the first time he had ever left the country.

He spent one night there, staying with his sister and her boyfriend at a small guesthouse.

No hotel, no luxuries — just a modest room and a few quiet hours away from everything.

But to him, it meant something. It was proof that life could be different, even for a moment.

That was it. One night, one border crossed.

Everything else went into savings.

He dreamed of owning a home. At one point, he nearly bought an apartment while working at his second company, but the deal fell through. So instead, he bought a brand-new car — his dream car. He wanted something reliable, something safe. And for years, he drove that car while still living in rented spaces.

During that time, as his salary grew, he felt a quiet need to give something back.

His parents had helped — occasionally, and mostly when he insisted and promised to contribute. Not out of initiative, but because he pushed for it.

Now that he had more, he chose to return the favor — not out of guilt, but conviction.

Some of the things they had were broken or close to failing. So he replaced them. Quietly. Without noise. Without expectations.

He knew they still had a loan, so he stepped in — covering a good part of it in advance, simply to ease the burden.

It wasn't about money.

It was about closing a chapter. Quietly.

He had nothing to prove.

Just a balance to restore.

And with that, he made peace with the past.

But the future — that was still unwritten.

The real dream was always a house — space for a future family. A real home. Something he never had.

He didn't ask his parents for much growing up. Just a room.

And because he never got it, he promised himself that one day, he'd give it — and more — to his future family.

Chapter 3 – The Homebuilder

By the time he reached his last job, he was no longer chasing stability — he had it. He had been working there for years. It was a large company, the kind that didn't fold overnight. His salary was strong. His financial discipline had built him a solid savings cushion, which would later become the down payments. His relationship with banks was excellent. The foundation was there. It was time.

Somewhere along the way, he had also made another decision — a harder one.

He cut ties with his father.

After years of alcohol, tension, and scenes he could no longer accept, he chose distance. Not out of anger. Out of self-respect.

He still saw his sister. She understood.

His mother, though, was harder to reach — caught in the same cycle, too afraid to break it. They spoke sometimes on the phone, carefully, in quiet tones.

By then, he stood alone. Not as a boy left behind — but as a man who had stepped away.

After years of tracking the housing market, waiting, comparing, studying — he made the move. Not just to buy a house, but to buy the right house.

He didn't settle for a box. He found a villa — a premium, individual home with two levels, real oak wood flooring, solid wood doors and frames, a garage, a finished basement, and an attic.

Everything felt like a dream materializing. And, like with every major step in his adult life, he did it alone.

He found the listing himself. He contacted the seller himself. He visited, negotiated, discussed.

There were issues with the banks, of course — there always are — but in the end, he won. He moved in.

After all those years in rental apartments, he finally had his own home.

But he didn't stop there.

He transformed that house. Not just into a place to live — but into a fortress of comfort, efficiency, and health.

He added solid wood furniture, smart technology in every corner, heat recovery ventilation (HRV) systems — one in every room. He installed air quality monitoring devices and digital sensors. He bought high-end dehumidifiers, humidifiers, voltage stabilizers, and uninterruptible power supplies (UPS) for every major appliance. Not because something broke — but because he had learned from experience.

He remembered the damp walls of his childhood. The mold. The condensation. Clothes drying on radiators in the winter. He remembered the rentals where things just didn't feel

right. So he studied. Researched. And then built a home that worked for the people inside it, not just around them.

And still, he wasn't done.

The villa was located a few kilometers outside the city — peaceful, but he wanted a second base in town. So with the money he had left, and the same discipline he always had, he found a new apartment, directly from the developer. Again, no agent. No middleman. He negotiated it himself.

He outfitted this second place just like the first: heat recovery units, air monitoring systems, dehumidifiers and humidifiers, UPS devices, smart AC — all set for balance and health.

He didn't buy properties just to show he could. He built them to live well. To live better than where he started. To make sure no one in his future family would ever grow up with what he had to endure.

Not just rooms. Not just roofs.

Real homes.

Chapter 4 – The Reflection

He learned that no one is coming to save you. Not because the world is cruel by default, but because most people are too busy saving themselves — or simply can't offer what they never had.

He learned this not from books, but from life.

He waited once — for encouragement, for someone to see his fire and say "Go. I believe in you."

It never came. What came instead were reluctant approvals. Doors that opened only after he knocked, pushed, insisted.

So he adapted. He grew stronger. Not supported — but allowed. And that was enough to begin. He built the skills to survive — not just in a job or in a system, but in life. The kind of strength that doesn't shout. The kind that just doesn't break.

He learned to stand on his own. To fix things himself. To carry his own weight — and sometimes the weight of others. He learned to find solutions instead of complaining, to keep calm when others fell apart.

He learned to never mock the weak, to never laugh because others did. If someone was humiliated, he asked "Why?" instead of joining the crowd. He learned to stay kind in a world that forgets kindness. To be honest when shortcuts are tempting. To never quit on something that truly matters.

And what kept him on track? Patience. The kind that wears years like dust. Perseverance, when motivation faded. Endurance, when life felt cold and mechanical. And something more:

A spark.

That invisible fire that lit up the moment he realized — no one's coming. It's all on me. From that moment, he moved differently. He didn't run. He didn't scream. He just began — and never stopped.

He never forgot where he came from. Not because he lives in the past, but because it reminds him who he is.

A former night guard. A boy mocked in school for failing classes — now working shoulder to shoulder with IT professionals who once got straight A's. With university professors who now ask him for help. And him? He learned everything alone.

Not through luck. Not through shortcuts. But through fire, silence, and will.

And he still walks quietly — not to hide, but because he knows the noise isn't needed anymore.

He knows who he is now.

And that's enough.

Don't Let Strangers Redraw the Map of Your Soul

It was December 2014. He was 25 years old, still working as a security guard, and heading by train with his mother to visit her parents — his grandparents. On that train ride, he ended up sitting next to an older man, probably around the same age as

his parents. They started talking, as strangers often do on long rides, and soon the conversation turned to life choices.

He shared openly: that he was working night shifts as a security guard, but studying during those same nights to break into IT. He had a plan. A vision. He knew exactly what he wanted.

The older man listened — with interest, but not full understanding.

He came from a different time. A time when settling down early was the responsible thing to do. So his response came shaped by those values: "You need to start a family," he said. "Time flies. You don't want to end up alone. You're overthinking it."

The young man tried to explain.

He had grown up in a cramped, noisy environment — no real space of his own, no peace to think, to breathe. Starting a family wasn't something he took lightly. He wanted to build stability first — a future worth passing on.

That train ride turned into a slow burn of frustration.

The young man had his path set, but hearing someone talk over his truth — someone who hadn't lived his pain — wore on him.

He looked at the older man and said calmly: "I'm young, yeah. But I'm not lost. I have clarity. I just don't need someone else's fear of time drowning out my own direction."

The older man didn't argue. He paused — thoughtful now. His next words came slower, with less urgency: "I'm not saying to stop what you're doing. I'm saying... maybe you don't have to walk alone. Build your future, yes — but let someone walk beside you."

He meant well. He wasn't just talking about settling down.

He was talking about not isolating yourself in the climb.

About the strength that comes from love in motion, not just at the finish line.

The young man nodded slowly and answered:

"I haven't found someone willing to walk this path with me. Not someone who gets it — the long nights, the silence, the sacrifice. I'm not afraid of love. I just can't afford the wrong one. Not again."

"If someone's going to walk beside me, she needs to know where I'm going. And respect it."

There was a pause. The kind that only happens when two men from different times realize they're both right — just in different ways.

The older man leaned back, nodded slightly, and said: "Then keep going, son. But don't close your eyes to the ones who might want to walk with you."

Years later...

He works in IT now.

He made the leap.

He built the life he once only imagined — not by rushing, but by holding the line.

By trusting himself. Not random voices on a train.

The message?

Don't let someone else redraw the map of your soul.

But also — don't forget to look up from it sometimes.

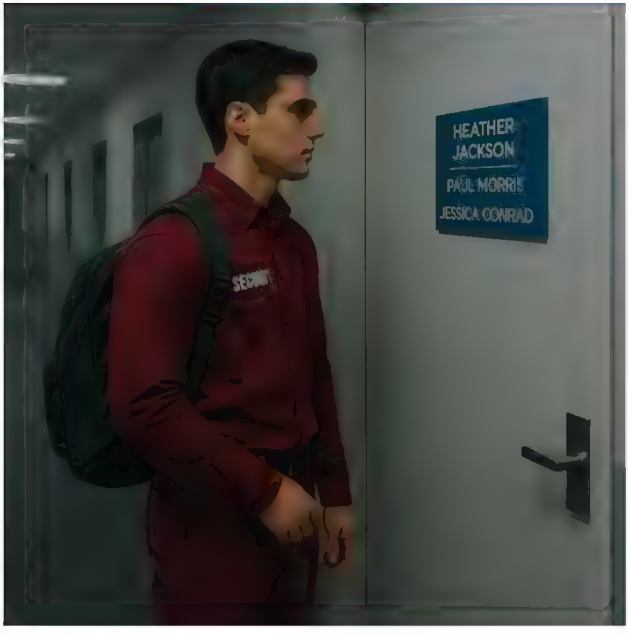
You never know who might be willing to walk with you... if you let them.

And when opinions come — loud, persistent, well-meaning — listen deeply.

Then follow what feels true to you.

Because no one else walks in your shoes. And no one else has to live with your regrets — except you.

The Guard with the Hidden Laptop



When he started working as a night security guard, his shift always began the same way: with a full round through the empty building. He'd check that no one was left inside, arm the security system, and leave only the area around the front desk disarmed — his little island of access in a building that wasn't

his. As he walked through the silent halls, past meeting rooms and closed office doors, he had a strange habit: he read the names on the doors. The names of the employees. The engineers. The leads. The managers. And something inside him stirred.

"One day, my name will be on a door like this," he thought.

It gave him a quiet strength. A focus. Not envy — motivation.

Back at the desk, employees would pass by. Most greeted him. A few didn't. Some looked at him like he was less. Like he didn't belong there. Just another guy in a cheap uniform.

But time changed things.

Years later, he would enter companies ahead of those same people. He would sit in meetings beside them. Some even joined companies after he did — now as equals. One day, a colleague said casually, "I remember at one company there was always this guard just playing on his phone all the time."

He smiled and replied:

"Yeah. That was me."

"I was playing on my phone... until everyone left. Then I took out my laptop and studied."

No one knew he carried that laptop in his backpack every day. Not even his fellow guards. When asked, he'd say it was just food in the bag. But that laptop was his real weapon. His secret tool.

He never took long vacations. He didn't want a replacement brought in, didn't want to risk losing the post. He had a plan. A long-term plan. And he stuck to it.

Every day, he walked to work. 10 to 15 minutes on foot. But he always chose the same route — a quiet street lined with houses, duplexes, and villas. As he passed by, he imagined himself in one of them. Not out of fantasy, but out of purpose. One day, he told himself.

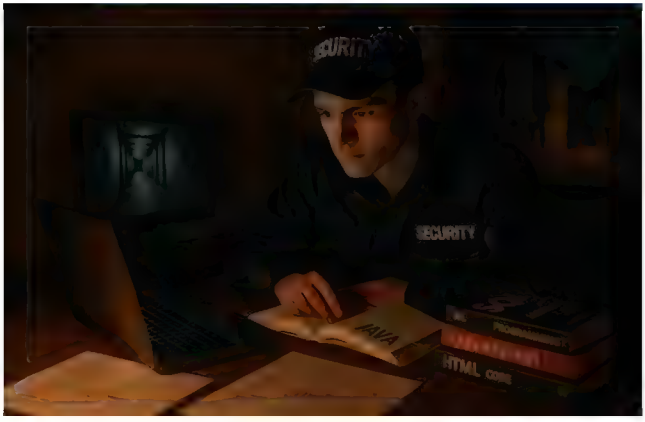
Years later, that day came.

The message?

Keep your vision sacred. Protect it like a secret weapon.

Even when no one sees you. Especially then.

The Nights He Studied Alone — Between Frustration, Silence, and Small Victories



He remembers those nights vividly. Sitting alone in the quiet of his night shift as a security guard, his laptop glowing in front of him, he wasn't scrolling for fun or chatting online. He was chasing a dream — one line of code at a time. With no mentor, no teacher, and no one to ask, it was just him, the silence, and a stack of IT books and video tutorials that promised a different future.

At one point, he was wrestling with Java Enterprise. Configuring a local GlassFish server, trying to get an EJB application up and running, experimenting with Hibernate. It

often didn't work. He would spend hours — sometimes days — stuck on a single configuration issue, lost in logs and stack traces. The frustration would build until he finally told himself: Take a break. Step away. Try again tomorrow. And the next day, with a calmer mind, he'd return and usually find the answer. Eventually.

There was no one to guide him through those stuck moments. If he failed for an hour, he kept trying. A day? Still trying. A week? He wasn't giving up. He dug through forums, hunted obscure documentation, flipped through books that were over his level — until things made sense. It was the only way he could learn. Trial. Error. Obsession.

He had a rule: every single day, he had to study something related to IT. No exceptions. If he skipped a day, he felt disappointed in himself. Empty. The next day, he'd push harder to make up for it. This self-imposed discipline became a quiet contract he had signed with his future self.

Working night shifts in security had its advantages. There was silence — a kind of peace that allowed him to focus. But there were also false alarms that jolted him awake when he tried to catch an hour or two of sleep between two chairs at dawn. Supervisors would sometimes show up for surprise inspections, forcing him to pretend he was doing rounds when he was really deep in code. Still, most nights, he didn't sleep on the job. He slept at home — nights were for learning. There were challenges beyond the code.

He remembers the first time he asked an employee from the IT company where he worked as a guard to recommend a good book. That guy told him about SCJP 1.6 — the standard Java certification guide. He found it, studied it, and it helped a lot. Whenever he wanted to expand, he would look up the names of other employees who worked with Java, research their skills online, and use those as a roadmap. When he saw "Hibernate" on someone's profile, he researched it. He learned that Hibernate required a solid grasp of databases, so he hunted down a book called Learning SQL and read it cover to cover — creating tables in the command line until it felt natural.

He did the same with web development. What was it? What did it involve? He dove into HTML, CSS, JavaScript, PHP, XML. Testing? That wasn't even on his radar yet. Back then, it was all about backend and frontend fundamentals — and slowly, he began to enjoy it.

It wasn't a romantic story. There was no applause, no guidance, no shortcut. Just a night guard studying in silence, solving problem after problem, pushing through frustration, trying to rewrite his future.

And he did.

About the Author

C.F. is a self-taught IT engineer who started his journey as a night security guard, learning programming alone during silent shifts.

Without connections, guidance, or financial comfort, he built a stable career in tech through patience, discipline, and relentless study.

Today, he works in senior QA automation roles and continues to upgrade not only his skills but also the spaces he lives in — building a life defined by clarity, not noise.

He is not a public speaker, influencer, or coach. Just a quiet builder sharing a real path — in case someone out there needs to know that it's possible.

Final Note

This book was not written for fame. It was written so one person — maybe you — might see themselves differently after reading it.

If that happened, the mission is complete.

Keep walking.

C.F.